



Happy Birthday,

AMERICA



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This Sefer is dedicated
to the memory of
Dr. James H. Edmondson;
a man who smiled at me.

"... I am a butterfly!
Born to live but soon to die . . ."

J. H. Edmondson
Spring Sefer '74

About the



According to the Analytical Concordance to the Bible, the meaning of "sefer" or "sepher" is derived from the Hebrew, meaning "writing" or "book".

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TEN YEARS

We celebrate in '75!
To educate, we "came alive,"
And antedating '65,
For ten years and more
We strive and thrive!
And, we thank the Lord
Forevermore
For all who helped
Add up the score!
Tho' some have passed o'er Jordan now--
Before they left they showed us how
To set the sail and point the bow
Of Baptist College--and to endow
The cause we love and honor now!
And grateful, too, for all of you
Who've done the best that you could do
To help us win and see us through,
We thank Him; and to Him renew
Our commitment to be true
To His high call to bless our youth
With the best exposure to His truth!

E. Ernest Hite, Jr.



A WINDY, NOVEMBER DAY

A windy, November day
And a leaf that broke from a tree
 broke my serious mood
And flew to me
And carried me floating
 to the land of Robin Hood
 where I was a Merry-Man.

A horse there
Grew wings
And could fly,
 And flew me to Never-Never Land
 Where I met Peter Pan
 who called me a Lost Boy
 and took me on his flying ship to:

A hole in the ground
Where I fell and fell
 Into the eye of Hurricane Alice
 Who rubbed her eye
 and washed me away to:

The shores of Gitchee Gumee
And the canoe of Hiawatha's
 Wherein I floated
 To the land of Oz
 where I met a serious wizard
 who brought me back to:

This November day
And my serious mood.

Lawrence M. Beck



ADJUSTMENTS

Time has passed away
and things only seem to be the same.
I was hoping my heart would grow fonder
of this new adjustment.

An adjustment after losing a special someone -
A someone I thought I would live with.

I saw him last night--
and since:

I know my heart can never adjust to losing him.
He is my special someone.

If only he knew the feelings
that are crashing inside of me!

Maybe he thinks of my feelings,
for he loved me once --

once he cared.

Could caring feelings perish in a few weeks?

When someone special leaves you
it's not a little scar--
rather an open wound — a reminder for life
a wound no doctor can repair

I hope my heart grows not fond of this new adjustment,
for I am perfectly content with the first.

Ann Gibbs



THERE'S A LITTLE GIRL

There's a little girl
 who's never sung about;
A fragile, tiny girl
 who's always been left out
 in the rain.

Won't somebody
 comfort her
 and tell her
 that the sun
 is going to shine;
You enjoy her company
And you'd like to share your time
 with her?

There's a fragile, tiny girl
Inside of every female's mind,
 Hiding
 Lonely
 Waiting.

There's a little girl
 who's never been in love;
A lost, unhappy girl
 who's never known the meaning of
 "I love you."

Won't you teach her
 to smile again
 by showing her a rainbow's end?
Kiss her and hold her close.
Then kiss her once again
 for me.

There's a lost, unhappy girl
Inside every female's mind,
 Hiding
 Lonely
 Waiting for someone like you.

Lawrence M. Beck



A QUIET STORM

A quiet hush comes over the earth as the gray-blue
mountain of clouds creeps over the sky.
The whole earth is blanketed in darkness as vapor-like
clouds block the last rays of sunlight.
All is quiet except for the cry of sparrows
in their hurried flight to find shelter.
There's a gentle breeze that's cool and fresh
and filled with the scent of flowers in bloom.
The faint sound of thunder can be heard,
and the air is filled with a sweet fragrance.
The faint touch of rain is felt as a gentle breeze caresses.
The whole earth seems to be at peace:
The soft rustle of a leaf and
The lonely sound of a bird
soaring high in the darkened sky.

Janellen Smith



UPON A DUSTY LIQUID-LIGHTNING DAY

Upon a dusty,
 liquid-lightning day
I hear footsteps, far away,
 in the silence,
 behind me,
 upon the road.

I turn
about
 and see Him
there
 dividing the sky
 and
 horizon.
My heart is fire,
 caught from His eyes.

I see Him now
walking toward me.
Upon His brow - glinting rubies . . .
 no . . .
 blood.

The air flows in ripples
 about Him
 and His feet are incandescent.
Closer now . . . He approaches.
The smell of Heaven and Hell
 upon His robe.
Upon His visage,
 Victory.

His - walk, - an - easy - walk
 as one
 who has overcome
 and I must
 follow Him.

Charles S. Warlick



I LOVE YOU

"I love you,"
isn't just a sign
nor Je t'aime.
It is a feeling
a feeling I have for you
a feeling, I hope,
you have for me.

Brenda Bolchoz

CAN I EVER LOVE YOU TOO MUCH?

Can I ever love you too much?
That every minute
I want to say,
"I love you."
I found out
that I can.

Brenda Bolchoz



I AM

I am a woman,
educating myself,
making my own place in the world,
standing up for what I believe,
but

I am a child,
relying on you,
longing to take your hand,
and know the comfort
of your security and love.

Patty Harber

GENTLE WHISPERING BREEZES

Gentle whispering breezes
crease the warm clear stream
which caresses the summer flowers
and carries away the winter leaves
of yesterday.

Patty Harber



AN EXPRESSION

To hold up higher
Than the highest flyer
What God gave youth;
The unfailing truth.
His peace everlasting
Is ours for the asking.

Souls uplifting
Saved from eternal drifting.
The radiant face
He has won the race.
The world's new lover
Beaming peace to another.

Rejoice as it passes
To cover his masses.

R. D. Gaede

I WAS RUNNING FASTER THAN THE WIND

I was running faster than the wind
Searching faster
than a computer
for that one answer
to all problems . . .

R. D. Gaede



PEOPLE ARE AS DIAMONDS

People are as diamonds
or clay.

Clay
is molded and created
into something useful;
Occasionally it becomes
unique: a work of art.

Diamonds
are crude and dull.
To be of value
they are cut and polished
into fine stones.

Which is more important?

Clay-people
Usefully worked into society; or

Diamonds
Polished
and valued because of it?

C. Ryan



I'M HAPPY, IN KNOWING

I'm happy, in knowing,
that you love me,
that you care for me
enough to die for me,
enough to rise again,
my Lord.

In knowing, I'm happy
that new life you bring,
that one and all may sing
of your love you bring
that's fresh as spring,
my Lord.

Mike Ellis



Songs of

DARLA



REG

Sad eyes

Sad dreamy eyes

staring off into
another world while
all around laughter
cries out, trying
hard to break this
barrier of sadness;

Trying hard to inflict

a glow of happiness,

To make those eyes shine
with happiness . . .

Only

it is not possible,
for deep in those eyes
a flame makes itself known
just vaguely, occasionally . . .

A flame that burns in
memory,
or in new

unwanted feelings
of love.

Darla Joy Horne



ALONE

I was just sitting around,
by myself,
thinking . . .
about myself
I was thinking and . . .
. . . of others . . .
they, (the others)
seemed to
move about
on the outskirts
of my mind
just vaguely
coming into view
now and then . . .
and
I began to feel
lonely, and I
tried to ignore it
but it, (the loneliness),
became a part of me.
I picked up the phone
to call someone
to talk to,
and I realized,
there was no one
to call . . .

Darla Joy Horne



COME WITH ME

take my hand and
learn of
the happiness within me
look into my heart
 and see that i believe
 in truth
 and the wonders of the universe
let me show you people
 that are beautiful
smiles that say, "i care,"
hands that are willing to give
and hearts
 that overflow with
 love and kindness
 take my hand
 be my friend

Darla Joy Horne



WORLD UNFINISHED

we did
speak of many different things
of our lands
and the lands of others . . .

the traditional customs
and cultures of
my people,
and the customs and cultures
of your people . . .

we explored
new depths of understanding
and reasoning,
and new ways of life
and living;

it took days . . .
then
when we parted,
each
in our own directions ✓
into our own life
and lifestyle . . .
and we knew
that someday
we would meet again
for we left
the world
unfinished.

Darla Joy Horne



GRANDMA'S RUSTY, CROOKED FENCE

I love to walk along Grandma's
rusty crooked fence,
on April mornings,
and smell the sweet scent
of her roses.

They lend their odor
to Nature's breath
that vibrates, gently,
all day long.

In autumn,
as I walk along
Grandma's crooked fence,
the sweet-smelling roses are
all gone.

But in my memories
Spring's roses
all come back
and bloom sweet along
Grandma's rusty crooked fence!

Alfonzia Miller



WHY!

The time of year has come again,
when all the trees are turning.
A time of year when the browns,
golds and reds
fill the sky and ground
with awesome delight.
You sit and wonder why God has done
such a wonderful thing:
And then it comes to you
He loves you —
that's why!

“Tula”

I LOVE YOU MORE THAN YESTERDAY

I love you more today than yesterday;
A fact that's plain to see.
When God created us, it seems,
Our love was meant to be.

“Tula”



AS TIME REVEALS THE PASSING HOURS,

As time reveals the passing hours,
Our minds and bodies begin to age
with the memories of both:

Past and Present . . .

Whether Good or Bad,

The spoken seconds and minutes
constantly keep the rhythm
with the passing days and
pleasant thoughts of you.

You're still on my mind

And forever will be,
until the Future grasps
the remaining days.

Ann Gibbs



TICK TICK

Ticking - tick - tick.
Three ticks
to the draw of a single breath.
How many times three
have I taken of nature's fuel
to feed the fire of my cells?

For living is a burning process:
"slow combustion"
and our lungs are the carburetors
of these fleshy machines
which carry our souls
in search of immortality.

"Tis a grand search
with a single enemy . . ."

Ticking - tick - tick.
Is the sound of a clock,
created by a man,
perhaps less interested in immortality
than in counting the seconds of this life.

Ticking - tick - tick.
Is the sound of a clock
on the arm of the poet
arrogant enough to believe
that immortality
means living forever
in the essence of scribbled ink.

Lawrence M. Beck



HELP ME, IF YOU CAN

Help me, if you can
To open my mind—
To love and care
And sweet contentment find.

You are the one
Who holds the magic key.
So if you really love me
Come and set me free.

Jesus heard my crying;
He opened wide the door.
Now I see the pathway
And love Him all the more.

Seems my life is now complete,
God gave me such a friend
To love and care and comfort me,
"I'll love him 'til the end."

Mary E. Norris



BENTZ KIRBY



BECK

Free, at last

IT'S TIME

It's time
I take time
to make time
to try to forget you.

I loved you once,
years ago.
Still,
I do accept that you
never returned.
And I waited
believing.

Now, at last,
I'm strong!
Waiting is not enough.

I cast off the sad affair
And look to try on
new loves.

Bentz Kirby



LAST NIGHT IN A DREAM

Last night,
In a dream,
Somehow I felt you change.

The burden on my heart,
An ancient burden,
Was lifted.

And I understood you at last
For, I felt,
You finally understood yourself.

There is peace
for you
at last.

Bentz Kirby



FREE!

Free!

At last!

To be myself.

without believing

you'll come back

It feels so good!

losing you

at last.

Bentz Kirby

THE CROW CRIES AND HAUNTS ME

The crow cries and haunts me

While the darkness moves on.

I saw the change come —
the moment pause—
then, life flow on again.

Bentz Kirby



RUNNING ON A SUMMER NIGHT

Crazy man - in Tangiers.
He huffs and puffs on Mother Earth . . .
"Oh, Mother! Wrap your arms around him!"

Once again: Eternal Orgasm -
While Daddy Don't
lies on the sidelines.

Good and Bad have been pushed aside.
We all return sometimes
to ride the wind!
To reap the Whirlwind!

Not so clear, as I drift,
Actually running down the road -
And that funny, funny moon
peaking from behind the clouds;
or he is just using the clouds
for a cover?
He is so spooky.

I turn here and head back
Sailing and hoping
to find the way easier.
(last time I walked)

The mad man - in Tangiers.
He is just a dream.
He floats up, inside,
a magic puff of smoke:
Returning to his mother -
Earth!
And his "Daddy Don't",
For he is their child -
Not ours.

Bentz Kirby



THE STORM RAGED

The storm raged
While we
 played before its fury,
 believing we
 could reach safe shelter.

If the rain came
 the laughing child was there.
Not quite feeling right,
 not quite knowing where
 he was.
Trapped by indecision,
 he was caught between light and dark.

A price he had to pay
A price he had to pay
 but today . . .
 but today . . .

Today he steps into the light!
Smiling once again.
He will not go back
 where he doesn't belong - -
 for life has taught him that.

Ben tz Kirby



**CHUCK
PERKINSON**



Night Visits

THE HERO DIES

Youthful hands full of love
turned by time into tired,
searching fingers, empty from
ages of wandering in lost dreams.

The power of the all-conquering
Hero is drained. In his place
a weak coward hops from train to
train with no home destination.

Love lives in dreams.
Death lives in an old Hero.
His heart laughs in sleep;
Cries in reality.

The next train leads to nowhere.
The Hero rides.

Chuck Perkinson



THE SONG

Music from the past
comes from the box near my bed.
It touches a moment of long ago -
"a bittersweet love."

Each note paints a picture
of the one I had loved.
A burning love
in the cold days of winter,
Bright love on gray days.

Each tender chord
kisses my heart.
Each verse vibrates my body
with a renewed love.

The song ends.
I awake.
The pain in my hearts returns
the sorrow I had forgotten.

She ended the love abruptly.
No kind words.
She never loved me.
I played the fool.

A new song plays.
I turn.
My real love sleeps.
Touching her soft skin, I pray.

Chuck Perkinson



NIGHT VISIT

The night calls.
Trees knock on the window
asking me
to sneak from my slumber.

Tiptoeing,
I almost wake the body.
Into the night I go
to visit old friends
from far away places.

I walk from past
to future to present.
I meet friends and enemies
relatives and strangers.

Real! Unreal . . .
I feel good.
Not knowing what to believe;
believing what I want.

The night fades.
The trees quiet.
The body wakes -
unsuspecting of my
nighttime journey.

Chuck Perkinson



LIMBO

Summer grows old
losing the intensity of youth.

In the air
is the kick of the new fall
ready to come
in its unpredictable infancy.

Today is neither old nor new.
It's the limbo
between the death bed
and the womb.

All around is the beautiful feeling
that two miracles
will soon take place.

Chuck Perkinson



THE LAST LAUGH

The night is drawn out
in my sorrow.
The cloudy sky takes
the twinkle from my eyes.

Cold air pierces
my skin and freezes my heart.
The lights in the house
are turned off - my soul grows dark.

The joy of night has gone,
replaced by rejection.
No more does the darkness hold my laughter -
Love has left me.

Chuck Perkinson



SHELLFISH

Today, Tomorrow.
The names are the same.
No happiness today,
No joy tomorrow.

The past holds my
laughs, my tears,
my hopes. Existing
holds nothing.

The hands of fate took
the only love I had.
The loving God has
left me no life.

A body with no feeling,
Eyes that have no depth.
My heart lies in the
darkness of Death.

Chuck Perkinson



BECAUSE SOMEBODY CARES

Because somebody cared I could smile
And pass that smiling to someone else.
Because that someone noticed me
My aggravation changed its temper
When my milk was placed majestically upon my tray.

Because someone cared my living was made joyable.
Because my living was made joyable,
I could encourage those about.
Because those about spread the work,
Love is becoming a disease upon the earth.

Because I am loved, I am happy.
Because I am happy,
My Father is happy too.
He has instilled His power within
My breast to love as He loves.

Because God cared, Jesus came.
Because Jesus came, He died.
Because He died, I am free.
Because I am free, you can be too.

Because I am being helped,
I want to help you.
I want to give you a part of my being.
I want to show you happiness.
I want you to love...whom I love.

O'Violet J. Greene



THE SANDSTONE BIRD

The sandstone bird
stood poised upon the desert
in the wind-woven beauty of solitude.

Majestic as a planet
with equal desire of flight,
yet, destined not
to turn through endless night.

Oh, why should this arrow,
of stone to earth be tied?

As ungainly Jupiter
mounts the evening sky.

Impotent substance by fate designed,
Why sit there so immobile and benign?
Perhaps the wind
should kindly shear
your wings away -
And make you a pillar to support the sky.

As I turned slowly
to walk away
The air stirred slightly
under the star of Partin's day
and the night came suddenly . . .
as though a wing-beat
had stollen the sun.

Charles S. Warlick



FROM MY WINDOW

From my window
I watched my world go by --
in small and large cars
as they sped by,
heading toward their
destinations with fate.

From my window
I watched young lovers
holding hands to form a bond:
Gentle caresses
and a lingering soft touch,
to kiss,
whispering of the love
they held for each other.

From my window
I watched an ambitious athlete
race against himself
around the asphalt track
urging himself
to the very limit
of his being
to run,
to run,
until - no more.

From my window
I watched a bird
made by man,
a large, silver-gray thing,
soaring high then turning,
gracefully, into the darkend
billows of clouds,
out of sight.

Janelllyn Smith



From my window
I watch two groups
 formed to play in a field.
 Their laughter is high
 but empty.
 Their cheers have no spirit.
 But on they shout
 to their very soul
 but they feel . . . lost inside.

From my window
I watch the night-filled
 starry sky . . . peaceful;
 how quiet it seems.
I can almost reach out
 and gather the light
 of the night.

From my window
I see the world,
 how sad,
 how sweet.
 The love,
 the tears,
 the glory,
 and the defeat.

Janellen Smith



JOURNEY

"What have we in common?"
You ask of the gull and I.
We both have long, hard journeys
That we've only begun to fly.

As we soar down the appointed path,
We never seem to reach the end.
Just as we can feel the stop—
We've only circled,
to the beginning again.

Melanie R. Parker

THE MORNING GODDESS

She tiptoes softly and gracefully atop the
dew-fresh grass,
Her golden gown flowing
and spreading its warmth
as she moves on.
The sweet breath of her kiss
awakens the sleepy morning glories
who respond with eagerness and beauty.
So she comes,
bringing the first rays of sunlight.

Melanie R. Parker



THE AFTER - DEATH

Lifeless stares and empty words,
A cloud of silence that hangs overhead -
Tears shed that escape should come to another,
Tears shed for tears' sake.
Piercing, searching eyes that will not stray:
A black film of barbarism
engulfs all
who dare to attend
the funeral

Melanie R. Parker

INDIFFERENCE

She donned her autumn coat
of golden, glistening sequins.
With pride and dignity
she ruffled her cape about her.

She tossed her golden locks of hair
in hopes that someone would notice
and compliment her -

Yet no one did.
So she bowed her head in sorrow
and stood
firmly in the rich soil
of the dense forest.

Melanie R. Parker



NEVER HAD I NOTICED

Like the gentle crimson rose
upon the thorny bush,
that blossomed during spring;
and never had I noticed until
its blushing face had faded
and fallen on the ground.

Like the million little leaves
upon the oak in front of me;
and never had I noticed
their glossy smiling faces,
until winter, cold and fierce,
returned and blew them all away.

Like the gentle crimson rose,
and the million little leaves
that never had I noticed
though each day I'd passed;
so it was with you, so dear -
that old and craggy face, now gone.

Karen Brock



AUTUMN LEAVES

Behold a mass of autumn leaves
attached to branches wide outspread
and watch their annual parade,
exchanging oaths if bodies meet.

Behold a mass of autumn leaves
that fluttered briefly, shook when touched
with gusts of breaths of chance, and then
were snatched away and walked upon.

Behold a mass of fallen leaves,
with clothes the same and walked upon,
lie underneath the barren tree
together, screaming equally.

Karen Brock



NIGHTMARE

It's the most suspenseful,
tense, and climactic thriller
I have ever witnessed.
Involuntarily I participate
and yet,
I am the audience!
With emotional deterioration,
I weakly peek
around the dark corners
of the room.
Looking for what?
I really don't know.
Then I nervously pull the blankets
firmly about my rigid body
and pray.
desperately,
for the day to begin.

O'Violet J. Green

TERROR

My mind is a blur.
I see nothing but mass confusion.
emptiness
I am lost
My God!
How did I lose my way?
I knew the way so well.
But did I really?
I thought I was sure -
now I'm not.
I'm scared!
Somebody — Help!
God, are you there?

Mary E. Norris



REFLECTIONS OF DAYS GONE BY

Reflections of days gone by —
Take me to another time
When laughter and sunshine filled the days
No problems there to block my gaze.
Time has passed and finds me here.
I've come such a long, long way.
The path ahead is hard to see,
Please come and lead the way.

Mary E. Norris

CHILDHOOD

Childhood —
what heavenly bliss:
Mickey Mouse ears
A doll every Christmas
Mud pies in the sandbox
Tree houses
A fishing hole
on a lazy summer day . . .
How does it all fade so fast?

Where do the words
Hate
Disillusionment
Prejudice
Nightmare
War . . .
invade from?

Why should children
ever have to know
How cruel
life can be?

Mary E. Norris



mickey mouse

the wrinkled
face of the clock
twitches as
the arthritic hands
point to the Hour.

all listen to the
feeble voice and know,
time has come today.

the clock sounds.
the hour of repentance
has arrived. no one
greet's this hour with
shouts of jubilation
and Time Square is but
a pool of sweat.

students are at last liberated
from their brick and mortar snares,
and cofee breaks are for eternity.
yet, no one greet's this hour
with shouts of jubilation—
Time Square is but a pool of sweat.

Ah! watch the radiant face
of the clock smile, as
the slender hands
point to the Hour.
all listen to the
lullaby voice and know

*Time Square is but a pool of sweat floating with dead memories
for Time has come today.*

Mary C. Moore



A SUMMER DAY

Through the hot, humid heat of a summer day

I strolled along in a swamp.

The air was dry;

The wind declined to blow.

I felt no comfort

nor pain.

I smelled the dampness of the swamp

that dried its odor on nature's things:

water, sand, grass and trees.

Alfonzia Miller

THIS TIME

there were no loud

Crash, Bangs

to warn them This time

no flares shot up;

her madness tip-toed

with her in the darkness

they found her in the

morning dead

and there were no loud

Crash, Bangs

to warn them This time.

Mary C. Moore



WHAT IS LOVE?

A feeling deep within,
Thoughts all jumbled?
Life, sometimes up-side-down?

A good feeling. . .
A bad feeling. . .
Up feeling,
Down feeling. . .
Mad feeling,
Glad feeling. . .
Happy feeling,
Sad feeling.

Love is
Intangible
Unseen. . .

Love is a look. . .
A touch . . .
A tear. . .
A moment
An unspoken word.

Love has been,
Will be. . .
Love IS. . .within my soul. .

"Tula"

AN OCEAN

Calling. Calling. Calling.
Excitement.
Rolling. Rolling. Rolling
Gently pleading.

Sighing. Sighing. Sighing.
Lulling.
Closer. Closer. Closer.
Resistance ended.
Receding. Receding. Receding.
Contentment.
Calmer. Calmer. Calmer.
Possesses me.

Karen Brock



TAKE THE TIME

I saw an old man sitting down
with his bottle in his hand
filled with sorrows and misfortunes,
No tomorrows -
but still life goes on . . .

Dirty hands hold his unshaven face,
he wears old clothes
that have seen many a bad time.

Sitting on the park bench
As his blues weigh him down,
Won't anybody take the time
To show a man who's feeling down
That there's still love to be found
In this world of ours today?
Won't you take the time?

Sitting still all through the day -
Is the old man crying?
No, I think it's just another moan
-the pain of carrying a heavy load.

Won't anybody take the time
To show an old man who's feeling down
That there's still love to be found?
And before it's too late,
Please don't hesitate
to take the time.

Mike Ellis



THE WIND BLOWS STRONGER

The wind blows stronger;
The air is fresher;
And the waters are clearer.

My whole life revolves
around him now.

He makes every ordinary meeting
become a special and exciting day.
When I am tired and weary
he strengthens me.
When I am confused and bewildered
he makes life easier.

When he is around
I am happy and gay
because he makes me know
Love.

Ann Gibbs



TO PAUL AND LYNN

(and other newlyweds)

When today becomes just a memory
Of tomorrows that slowly swept by
 We'll remember this day
 With a choke and a smile
And a life-time of tears in our eyes.

When the beauty of the morning is slipping away
And experience traces appear,
 We'll still kindle the fire
 That burns deep inside us
And will for those many-a-years.

And when the children say, "Hey, why ya cryin'?"
We'll smile, someday they'll understand:
 Nothing in the world
 Is worth near as many tears
As the unity of - woman and man.

When today becomes an album of pictures
And a rose in a Bible secured,
 We'll still find a way
 To say 'thank you' each day
For this promise - made simple and pure.

When our children grow older and wiser
And their romances slowly appear,
 We'll share their wedding bells -
 Riding life's carrousel
Of bright colored roses and tears.

And when the children say, "Hey, why ya cryin'?"
We'll smile, someday they'll understand:
 Nothing in the world
 Is worth near as many tears
As the unity of - woman and man.

Lawrence M. Beck



YOUNG CYCLE RIDER

Oval track,
Flat and banked,
Is the field
On which you joust.

With visored helm
Like knight of old
You look for Laurels
In modern day.

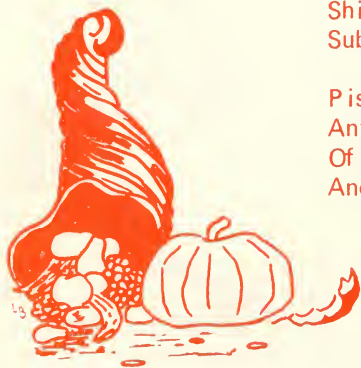
Flag falls, and engine thrusts
explode the dirt.
Like sullen hornets
The swarm goes forth.

Body and machine
Lean from taunting
Pull of c-force
on the turn.

Oil and smoke
Scent boiling soil.
Wind whips nostrils
And vaned cylinders.

Steel shod boot
Reaches out to steady
Shifting track and
Subdue the headstrong beast.

Pistons sing in whining chorus,
Antiphonal, tuned to the pitch
Of twisting throttles
And meshing gears.



Down the stretch,
Bike and rider
Surge to meet the checked flag;
The race is over - for the night.

But what of you?
What piston drives you on,
Bike rider?

Cheers from crowds?
Dust from wheels in front of you?
Sound of engines behind you?
Wind in your face?
Dust in your mouth?
Dragons unknown?

Sibling rivalry?

No checked flag
seems to end your race.

Silas H. Garrison



To everyone
who takes the time
to read this book,
"We thank you."

To those
who take the time
to understand it,
"You're welcome."

Lawrence M. Beck



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